The Chatelaine

By G. E. X.

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The Chatelaine.

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The Chatelaine

By C. E. X.

Mrs Lydia Ethel (Farmer) Painter

The Peter Paul Book Company
Buffalo, New York
1897

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by G. E. X.

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Peter Paul Book Company
in Buffalo, New York.

Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing
That's spirit; though cloistered fast, soar free.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

LA DONNA,—la cara Donna mia,—commands me to fetch her a chatelaine:—"not one of those housewives' devices jingling with scissors, needles, keys, but one made up of countless chains, of countless lengths, some of them mere links of a chain,—and all to have depending from them anhängsels, ikons, crosses, crescents,—symbols all, charms all." Such her command. Surely it were a simpler thing to build for la Donna mia, a shrine,—or, for her carve a *prie-dieu*;—but it is a *chatelaine*—she would have—a chatelaine, hung with signs and symbols, christian and heathen: these to be gathered from all lands; and among them she will find one—some—the which to hold between her hands' palms. Her hands' palms!—that sounds like prayer. Such her will:—I obey:—and pray la Donna mia to be

My Lady of the Chatelaine,

to whom, on bended knee, I offer this her command,

The Chatelaine.

14th February, 1897.

WHEN work is entered upon for a loved object, the mind pursues the tracks of light with no common pleasure, and makes over the result of its labor without reservations or gradations, since less than all could not satisfy a mind so inspired.

IT is among the pleasant truths of Friendship that it is not required to give security,—corresponding to bonds in the commercial world,—but it is its privilege to offer evidences, the charm of which is their simplicity. A leaf, a flower, and Friendship has the better thing than bonds.

SWALLOW-WINGED is Love, sweeping the lake with wings of delicious joyousness and making between earth and sky fascinating flights. . . . Eagle-winged is Friendship, making by ever ascending circles its rock-high eyrie, from whence, with wings pinioned for any storm, it makes its flights, as secure in the blast as does the swallow-winged in the breeze.

THERE are no natures so beautiful as those which, like to sacred vestments, retain, however worn in service or desecrated by mutilation, their rich design, masterful execution, soft coloring.

Note.—The embroidered wonders may be seen for a shilling in the churches' wardrobe rooms.

LET the sense of feeling be but fine enough, and the wonder will cease that a princess there was who could not sleep because of a rumpled rose leaf in her pillow.

There are too many threads woven into soul-life for the shuttle to have been in any hand but His who weaves the eternal destinies.

THERE is in Nature an audible silence,—a silent noise,—that is the only acceptable accompaniment to thoughts that are as sensitive to the jar of social silence as to its noise.

"Then,—round me the sheep
Fed in silence—above, the one eagle wheeled slow
as in sleep."

"It was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth,"—and

"Once more the string
Of my harp made response to my spirit."

SEE to it that Opportunity weaves a woof fine, and that Purpose embroiders it fittingly,—and thus wilt thou possess a veil as suited to thy soul's holy of holies as that which shut the inner from the outer court in Jerusalem's great temple.

Beware of building an altar, "To the despaired of." Hope will waste none of her fire upon such.

Any board is a festal board if at it we drink, with another, the wine of life.

IT is well that the lines of some lives are cast in the open, indifferent as they are to the conventional, caring only for the full, strong air of life. To such, society living would be a tormenting yoke, and like the untamed, caged, creatures of the mountains, they would ever be pining for the succulent bit of stalk among the rocks. So perfectly is the natural born in bone and blood of them, that it seems the dead and gone is incarnate, toned only a trifle by latter-day conditions. How they love it all:—the hills and forests!—and the *crunch* of the leaves, *now*, under their feet! Savage? Yes, in their untamed love of the mountain's majesty, of the plain's beauty, of the sea's grandeur, of the desert's silence! Nature's love unchangeable.

THE secrets of the violet and the rose do readily reveal themselves in mud flats where the warmth of dear old mother earth is extinct, and the wonder is that they blossom at all.

THERE are words of which every letter holds a mystery; and though there is a key, we do not always care to use it, since for the sake of the sense of joy there is in the unexplored, we would not repeat, in its entirety, any one sentence.

THE PURPLE GALLERY.

WHEN the dust and heat of the way begin to dull the brain, and an almost fatal inertia overtakes it, wander into The Purple Gallery, breathe its atmosphere, and turn the leaves of book *and* book; not for study but for the sake of being borne along on wingèd words through the days and to be floated on the dreams and fancies of them into the oblivion of night. A close, snug place this Purple Gallery, with corners into which any dreams will fit, any moods find sympathetic touch. Here the spirit rules: and here the brain wakes to the heroic or sleeps in dreams, whichever chances to be the "sweet will" of it.

A book lies open:—the eye follows a line and the ear hears the soft notes of some sweet singer,—a wail,—a chant,—a song coming out of the distance; thrilling with its sadness, comforting with its sweetness.

A book lies open:—its pages half hidden in obscurity, that obscurity which

"proceeds from the profoundness of the sentences; containing contemplation on those human passions which are either dissembled, or not commonly discoursed of; and do yet carry the greatest influence among men. An obscurity come of that strong individuality which subtilizes, rationalizes, concentrates,—which crowds the use of words, and thinks more than words can express. Sentences, full stored with meaning, and words sentences."

The eye follows the page, and the brain wakes to the heroic. A new world is discovered, and Thought the courier of it. No longer is the will *subject,* but *master,*—sovereign supreme! A Viking is watching from his ship's prow the sun chase the mists from the mountain's side, disclosing to him the place of *the buried gold.* The ship's prow strikes the shore,—the Viking walks along the shelving bank,—at a turn, the bank breaks away and a rock, cold and hard, juts out,—the way ends. A rock, cold and hard, but wearing a crown of superb life;—a tall, straight pine, that tosses its head in feathery fullness against the sky, and with its roots overspreads the rock's hardness. The Viking questions, What kind of an affinity is this? Why a form so splendid in itself, should thus cling to a

rock:—a thing through which the warm throb of life never passed? Law?—what law? The book lies open. Here is a life that had failed in the attainment of its possibilities unsupported. The soft, yielding earth had failed to raise it skyward, or to bring from it those gentle qualities that made the rock beautiful as a thing of life: and though the rock felt not the warmth of those clinging roots, nor the pine a response to the pulse of its life currents, a law, beneficent in its exactions, was fulfilled. The gold is within the Viking's grasp!

A book lies open:—and from the page a cry of pain comes through the Gallery's silence. "Oh, why should the great Creator shatter one of His most admirable works? If the order of the sun and the stars is adorable, if the law by which earth and sea are governed manifests the Hand of Supreme Wisdom and Power, how much greater than these the perfection of beauty, as manifested in man. And here, a soul,—rich in gifts, rich in attainment, placed in a form surpassingly lovely, and this form so surpassingly beautiful in its union with, and subordination to the soul, as to be almost the soul's true expression: yet this choicest, rarest being, this rarest specimen of the

Almighty's skill He has pitilessly shattered, *in order,* that it may inherit a higher and eternal perfection! O mystery of mysteries, that heaven may not be obtained without such sacrifice! And the awful mystery remains to that day when all things shall be made light." Love, here had laid a parting benediction upon "the head of the beloved and gone on his way in rapturous sorrow," crying, singing, oh,

"Heart of my heart, when that great light shall fall
Burning away this veil of earthly dust,
And I behold thee beautiful and strong,
My own true, perfect angel, wise and just—
If the strong passion of this mortal life
Should in the vital essence still remain,
Would there be then, as now, some cruel bar
On which my tired hands shall beat in vain?
Or shall I, drawn and lifted, folded close
In eager asking arms, unlearn my fears,
And in one transport, ardent, wild and sweet,
Receive the blessings of the endless years?"

Crying, singing, till the great light shall fall!

A book lies open:—and through its pages run, what

"Was the site once of a city great and gay."

The spirit is fascinated with the story of its vanished greatness; by its vanished gayety appalled. There, on the level length of hill run the broken ramparts:—

so broken that the lizard scarce finds shelter from the blaze of the sun that scorches and sears the forsaken land, *but,*

"Such plenty and perfection see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
And embeds
Every vestige of the city, ...
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best."

A book lies open:—and all the Gallery is suffused with a light, warm and glowing. The eye glances down the page, and the brain feels unmeasured charm in that art which has here hung a morning-like mist about word-pictures, to soften lines too realistic and to enhance their beauty by a beautiful half-concealment. Poetic art here disposes of words with skill as consummate as that which an artist of the brush employs, when he drapes, without concealing, the beauty of his model. In this art there is no need to transfer a story,—the charm of which is personal,—into the impersonal, and there to manipulate the *verve poetique* out of it; but here, draped with all delicate affluence, it retains its own wealth of indi-

viduality, so that minds alike, whether ethereal or material are charmed:—charmed with that poetic decorum which handles a delicate subject with that high-bred delineation which is the true beauty of all art. The ever softening light in the Gallery reveals, yet more and more, the wonderful beauty of the page's sentiment,—the wonderful beauty of thoughts that breathe and of words that burn,—of pauses as eloquent as the sentences! Like rich, picturesque tapestry, the story has been fashioned upon a woof almost coarse; for such woof lends itself to masterful, dramatic representation just as did the hempen stuffs to the needle-poets of the middle ages. Ah! those courtly dames, who with soft wools, and here and there a shimmering thread, stitched pictures wherein, though we see a spasmodic roughness in natures otherwise fine, the poetic delineations are through and through suffused with that uniform coloring which gives to every sentiment an underglow as pure as it is rich!

A book lies open:—and the eye follows a fine line down the page's margin to where a thought is set aside,—a trysting ground for two! Companionship grows close. Here is granted the privilege to take large outlooks into the intellectual

and spiritual living of another. The privilege to see its possibilities, to feel its experiences, its meanings, its realities. And through the gleam and splendor of these, to see, with no uncertain distinctness, *a personality,*—come here, into *The Purple Gallery,* to establish a companionship;—a companionship independent of conditions or circumstances. From henceforth these are to see through the same window,—from henceforth to worship at the same shrines—*from henceforth!* From henceforth to feel the infinite charm in discovering how hidden is life,—hidden in its openness under the very light that makes bright its noonday of social *entretiens:*—to feel the infinite charm in discovering how it speaks its own language, enjoys its own joys, seen and not seen, lives alone and not alone. Why so difficult the recognition that makes such companionship possible? Why? There is one heard to answer, "The continual deceptions imposed upon us by society, called manners, politeness, consideration, make our entire life a masquerade," wherein "Love itself dares not to speak its own language or maintain its own silence." Here, in The Purple Gallery, all this masquerading ends.

Companionship grows close:—the best of two lives, the dross of neither, coalesce

and make an opalistic virtue,—a gem in its own right,—wherein all the scintillating fires of love are safely fused with and into, the white light of friendship. A gem to be worn upon the brow as upon the heart.

A book lies open:—and the spirit rules! Dreamily a white-wonder of a cloud floats across a narrow strip of sea:—and the morning paints her ensign on the vanishing darkness. Nearness grows! The old and the new troop into that hidden place where Life abides! The cramped and confined conditions of existence, are gone. From across the narrow strip of sea,—over book *and* book,—nearer, nearer,—till the ear catches the clear notes of the old Persian singer,—singing, come

> "With me along the strip of herbage strown,
> That just divides the desert from the sown—
> Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot,—
> A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and *Thou*
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—
> Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!

Wander on, through The Purple Gallery:—*all the books lie open,*—and adown their pages bloom the snow-white lilies of prayer,—the blood-red poppies of

dreams. The same life:—the same hope;—the same want:—

"A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and *Thou*,"

but,

"Into the *wilderness* Love went in search of Love—and lost himself."

THE wind, the rain, and the sunshine permeate Nature, *durch und durch*, and, with a minute and delicate tenderness, help her to develop her beauty, until, its perfection warrants some

> "Wind of the summer morn,
> Tearing the petals in twain,
> Wafting the fragrant soul
> Of the rose through valley and plain,"

to that demesne in which the Summer has failed to fulfill the promise of the Spring!

WHEN one being holds in completeness the imagination of another, no third, from whatsoever point of the compass he may enter, will be able to cast a shadow thereon.

THERE are possessions that sleep, as it were, in one's bosom, and are constantly testifying to their nearness by being oftenest in one's thoughts. When these thoughts lead to acts they are the fullest, the freest, and ought to be the best;—with thought widening and deepening as time goes on.

DO thoughts make their own environments, or do the environments make thoughts? Try turning the leaves of Thought to the rhythm of mighty winds, wherein the very pauses are filled with the thunder-notes of a coming storm! Try turning them to the softer ways of Nature,—where the land ripples, like water, away from the hills to lose itself in those grassy dells, to which the morning breezes come, riding on a witchery of white cloud and from which they steal away with the perfume of the dells! Try.

"Sweet imaginings are as an air,
A melody some wondrous singer sings."

"But thoughts are free and visions play,
Free as the air this Autumn day—
Yet what they are, I will not say."
. . . . . .
"'Tis better; then the silence grows
To that degree, you half believe
It must get rid of what it knows
Its bosom does so heave."
. . . . . .

Thoughts there are he will not say,
Locked in his heart, from the world away:
None quite worthy on whom to bestow—
No wonder that, for this I know—
If the thoughts that swell within his breast
Are as fond and true as those expressed
The life that shared them blest would be
As a ship safe in from a storm-tossed sea.
I hear a refrain! it is floating away!
Sweet refrain of the thoughts that he will not say!

A temple there stands on Arno's banks,
A thing of beauty, no other ranks:
Angels dwell within its dome
To cheer and comfort hearts that roam,
And when wailing notes from life's-harp come
They quickly render the tune once sung.
Ah! sweet notes come back from angels among
And life's harp is his, his again, *restrung!*
The refrain comes back, nor floats it away,
And mine are the thoughts, that he will not say.

From that day to this, from the world hid away
In the innermost deeps of my soul,—shall I say?—
Is this harp that I cherish with fondest care
Lest a chord be broken beyond repair.
So gently, so softly the breath of a sigh
Sweeps over this harp, to my soul so nigh,
That I cry in my joy, "O stay! O stay!"
Sweet refrain of the thoughts that he will not say.

"I FANCY there are a good many people unconsciously repeating the mistake of, . . . chopping down all the native growths of life, clearing the ground of all the useless pretty things that seem to cumber it, sacrificing everything to utility and success. We fell the last green tree for the sake of raising an extra hill of potatoes; and never stop to think what an ugly, barren place we may have to sit in while we eat them. The ideals, the attachments—yes, even the dreams of youth are worth saving. For the artificial tastes with which age tries to make good their loss grow very slowly and cast but a slender shade."

IF men could judge their fellows uninfluenced by the atmosphere in which circumstances compel some to live, then might opinion set itself in high places. Surely it is a pity there is not a social Tattersalls where the intentions of the knave and the actions of the ignorant might be so circumvented that men would receive the ribbons for which their qualifications entitle them. And is it not time, O Theosophist, that the soul of Saint Philip Neri be reincarnated to this end? That he who was "strict in essentials, indulgent in trifles; and who possessed, in a remarkable degree, the acuteness necessary to distinguish the peculiar merit of every character" might be umpire in a question so vital that, in settling it, he would earn the right to another star for his saintly crown.

THERE are who for a very little of Ophir's gold take to the shallows, and there are, who leaving all the gold of Ophir behind them strike through the breakers and with a courage that turns every drop of the surging waters into crown jewels, throw the life line aboard some rudderless craft.

THE wondrous charm of an amiable and versatilely gifted nature is that it keeps the door of its spirit so on the latch that the gentlest of breezes suffices to swing it wide enough for a glimpse of the Arcadia within, or mayhap, wide enough for entrance quite, when, lo, we see how it is that "the streamlet in the woods is full before the dove alights to drink at it, the flower in the grass expanded before the butterfly comes, the grapes ripened in the sun before they are plucked for wine."

THERE are minds that easily enough lead captive all minds that are above the thralldom of charms personal, because such think freest, love broadest, feel deepest.

DIVINATION only can answer what purpose is served in the transplanting of the animal and vegetable kind to that higher sphere where, presumably, there are no animals, as such, and no vegetables; and, divining power being earth-limited, there is only the opinion to offer that these will feel as awkward on hearing the chant of praise intoned to the Highest, as they now do when it is said, "Let us pray." And what would the sweet-spirited Fra Angelico do did these invade his saintly abode? It is safe to guess that he would paint for them Circe's isle, and in a charity dear to him as to them bid them turn to tastes and instincts congenial.

Splendid, friendly billows, that toss two swimmers so far skyward that they catch sight each of each and *recognize!*

Laugh!—because a soul would shrink
From quenching its thirst where the world takes drink?

. . . . . .

Aye, lips that are moist with the soul's pure wine
With thirst would parch, sooner than sit down to dine
At the table of kings where other wine flowed,
And the love of earth's greatest is freely bestowed.

. . . . . .

I joy to confess it—with rapturous glee—
And hold high the flagon, dear soul, unto thee.

ENTHUSIASM is not an antique to be numbered and catalogued for a museum collection, but a charming flower bursting into bloom at thought of the sun, at touch of the sun, and in remembrance of the sun.

AN instant! It is only a measure of time, not at all a gauge of force. An instant suffices for memory to spring back to a loved and ever-to-be-revered recess. In an instant can be recalled a passage of life which may have formed its turning point. An instant! There is an eternity of power in an instant. It was in an instant that an angel crossed the path of the wayfaring Jacob and left him with such a blessing that straightway he regarded the very ground thereabout, sacred. The place of the struggle with his celestial visitant was thenceforth to him as a spot in heaven, and his memory bore a deeper mark of what there took place than either the ground, or the stone which he there set up to mark it withal. The instant goes, but that passage of a life the gauge of whose force is not in the measure of time allotted to it abides.

THROUGH THE MISTS OF SCOTLAND.

BEAUTIES wild as those of Norway, gentle as those of England, are lovers in Scotland, and most enchantingly bohemian in their ways where they meet and celebrate their beauty-betrothal: for no shy English lassies, in kirtle green, ever danced reels with such witchery of grace as that which the sylvan beauties of England display as they come dancing over the border to join the Highland laddies at the foot of their mountain fastnesses. And here it is, at these bewitching festivals of hill and plain that the mists produce effects so splendid and mysterious; veiling Nature in dissolving hues of emerald, sapphire, amethyst, and giving to hill and dale a weird, supernatural dimness. Through these mists bold precipices grow shy, and modestly recede into cover of the heather-grown hills; noisy streams silent, and steal away into the seclusion of the glens, while these, in turn, slip coyly through some opening and lose themselves in the heart of the mountains. But push through these misty veils, or see them

gathered into the embraces of the morning sun, and the bold precipice will have lost none of its boldness, the noisy streams none of their noise, and the glens will show how, in their seclusion, every rill gathers courage and becomes "impetuous little ladies" that stop not at rock-choked channels nor at granite precipices, but throw themselves in or over,—free Scots, every one. Sometimes it chances that one of these finds herself come among the docile life of some bit of meadow land where she may no more than,—with a decorous caprice,—cut it into fantastic shapes and glide with murmurs prayerful around the quiet circle drawn to enclose withal, a sanctuary for the deer of the forest; then, under cover of birch and pine, out and away again to join the waters of the Dee, singing the while:

"The Pine is king of Scottish woods,
The queen? Ah! who is she?
The fairest form the forest kens,
The bonny Birken tree."

Or sometimes, such "impetuous little lady" loiters under these same pines and birches to persuade the mosses and ferns to a more demonstrative display of their pretty charms, inducing them to come out from their snug nurseries, and join vines and lichens in their hearty clambering

among the rocks: or sometimes all this merrymaking stops and the "little lady" is held in durance by the frost, until the stag, that monarch of the forest, comes

"to break with his foot, of a morning,
A drinking-hole out of the fresh tender ice
That covered the pond till the sun, in a trice,
Loosening it, let out a ripple of gold,
And another and another, and faster and faster,
Till, dimpling to blindness, the wide water rolled."

Aye! bonnie land of mists and myths mysterious, of lochs and mountains infinite, of shires where wild and gentle beauty keep unending tryst, well may a poet-lover sing of thee,

"beloved are thy mountains,—
Round their white summits though elements war:
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar."

WITH a clear instinct of true art, a firm, free brush ought to be able to bring out Nature's every glow, however the darkening clouds enveil it.

PITCH your tent by the river's side, and—if you must—grope your way through the dull reaches of gloom that settle along its course, but, shut not your eyes to the far stretches of beauty to be seen on the uplands and through the sky line's rent.

EXPLANATION, illustration, of what use these to the mind that recognizes? Or to the mind that does not? Superfluous to the one, to the other useless, conveying, as they do, to a dull understanding nothing more than a dull knowledge, to recognition nothing to enhance *recognition*.

It would indeed be a Siberian-like existence not to find warmth on the hearthstone of Remembrance.

There are no ideals too fine to live with, but a host of them too fine to be realized. Were it not so, all human dramas would end in joy.

SAYS one, "Fatal to happiness is the combination of a penetrating intellect with a heart which feels acutely the truths which that intellect lays bare,"—but this is supposing that the heart has feeling for unhappy truths only, otherwise a penetrating intellect could but intensify the heart's feelings.

The gift of discernment gives to its possessor no joy equal to that of discerning the balance, measure, and rhythm of some one soul.

A QUICK imagination loves a delightful suggestion as a sculptor the roughhewn stone in which, at a glance, he sees the splendid thing it will yield to his chisel.

KING.

One crossed the border
Of the Land of Dreams: nor stayed,
But bent his steps to where a temple--
Half removed--stood by the margin of a lake,
Alone.
With hand outstretched
To ask by gentle knock admission,--
As humblest knight might do,--
When, softly on its hinges, swung
The temple's door, and there,
With downcast eyes and timid grace
One questioned, "Why, Sire, for entrance ask?
Dost thou not wear the signet ring?
And, art thou not of all this land and temple,
King?"
Then answered he,--with look most reverent,
E'en pleading, grown,--
"'Tis true,
Fair Lady, that I wear the signet ring:
But come I here in quest of crown;
No king is wholly king till he be crowned."
Then she, with changing color on her brow and cheek,
"And is it so that yet thou dost possess
No crown?--and that, the one,--the one,--
Just there--beyond--": (and pointing
To a veil, a shimmering veil,
Which like to that between the outer and the inner court
Of Solomon's great temple hung)--
"Beyond--is thine? . . . Thy crown to wear?"
Then he, with joy of answered searching,
"*Thou say'st 'tis there?*--Thou . . . say'st . . .
Just there--beyond?

Wilt lead me, Lady fair? . . . .
My arm about thee,—so:—not for support—
But to make sure that thou indeed
Art leading me. Thou! . . . So, see, I follow!
See, . . . See!—I walk with thee! . . . .
And all thy flowing draperies of filmy lace
Clinging and shaping themselves to thy soft motion!—
Ah! what king ever trod his way to throne
Like this! . . . . . .
Look up,—mine own,—look up into mine eyes—
Ah!—'tis true!—'tis true!—I see!—See!—
. . . . . Thine eyes!—
So wondrous deep!—Down
In their liquid deeps I see,—thy soul!—
Thy very soul! What see'st thou in mine?
My soul, or, thine?—Thou canst not tell?
Nor I.—. . . . . .
But, ah, thine eyes!—What wondrous eyes!
Look on!—Art leading me? or, dost thou follow?
. . . . . What matter,—mine,—look on! . . .
Look on!—Take not thy hand from mine! . . .
. . . . The veil?—Aye, true:—yet not thy hand alone!—
See,—thus in mine,—in mine!—Together!"
. . . . . .
The veil, soft, shimmering,
Fell to place again.

It would be graceless ingratitude in him who has found joy to fail to make rejoicings and to invoke blessings.

TO be in a position that exempts one from the results of circumstances extraordinary, is to enjoy a royal reprieve from discipline.

IT is only now and then that we may cut through the gordian knot of things; for the most part we must with patient fingers untie it.

IN emergencies nature is too swift in its actions for the coöperation of the more or less deliberate will, and so commits that "worse than a crime, a blunder." But, it is thus that experience is gained.

IT is a brave spirit that can go on living among the tatters and rags of other men's doings. To such a spirit there is a wonder side, a sort of mosaic, wherein if one bit is somber another is full of color; and so the Master's design is made perfect.

IF you may not be spared from the orchestra in which you have signed a life contract,—not for one hour spared,—how are you not to hear the dissonance when your associates play out of time and tune? In that most beautiful of the Saint Cecilias she *listens* to a chorus that she sees not, in the air above.

THE necessary in most departments of life overlaps and even effaces the contingent, and under the ruling of this autocratic tyrant beautiful wishes and strong desires are alike helpless to serve the creature man,—unless it be at intervals, when he is allowed to come to the surface for one refreshing breath.

IT was up among the fastnesses of the Grampians, where "the winds had been so tempestuous that the eagles had forsaken their nests," that we began wishing for the softer ways of the south wind and dreaming dreams of

—a far away land,
A land of glory and shimmering sand,
Where soft are the nights and clouds unseen,
The land of the Pharaohs,—the land of our dream!

But we dreamed not that that wind, so tempestuous, would follow us down from Scotland's hills to make "weather" in the Bay of Biscay, gather force among the Spanish Sierras, and toss us with as little ceremony as it had the eagles from their nests, into the very Bay of Algiers. Surely no old pirate of these seas ever introduced his captives to this beautiful bit of water with a courtesy so rude as this of our north wind, and most surely no captive of them all ever greeted the freebooter's harbor with such delight. Algiers!—the pearl! The Arabs are fond of comparing this gem of their country to a diamond in an emerald setting, but the figure impoverishes the richness of a scene that is soft and warm with life and throbbing with the fulness of life. . . . The emerald green of the hills does not hold

this white, glistening Algerine gem as a setting its diamond, but allows the gem to sink into the soft greenness as gracefully as an anemone into the green waters of the sea. "See the Bay of Naples and die" is a proverb; See Algiers and her bay and *live!* is a truth. Live to climb the terracelike ways of the hills' far tops and look away to the foot of the Atlas mountains that lie beyond the verdant plain of the Metidja,—live to wander from mosque to villa that hide themselves in the sylvan recesses on the gentle slopes of the Sahel,—live to loiter about the roadways that overhang the sea at one point, and are at another lost in forest recesses,—live to lie upon the shell-strewn beach that stretches between the sea and those gardens of palms and aloes, of orange and lemon,—gardens Arcadian,—that make of Mustafa Superieur a paradise spot,—live to drift back by starlight, from Cape Matifou through twelve miles of water liquid gold,—yes, live to see all this and more, in a land where Nature wears that marvelous yasmack which is made by the mists of the sea, the blue of the sky, the radiance of the sun, the softness of the stars; and which makes of her a beauty truly *ravissante.* Through this shimmering veil we had our first vision of Oriental beauty, and in the light of

that vision our little boat weighed anchor, stood out to sea, and spread her sails to

Skirt the shores of that sea most fair,—
To drink the sweet fragrance that filled the air,—
To rock safe at anchor within the bay
Where Carthage' proud queen gave shelter one day
To the ships of a lover,—faithless he
As the waves that drove him in from the sea.
Then, away to the land where no cloud dwells,
And again the sails the full breeze swells.

Oh, rapturous life, beyond compare!—
Fill the cup brimming,—a bounteous share,
And drink to the life and the love of to-day
As we sail toward the Nile-land, the Nile-land away!

KEEP faith with pretty traditions,—imagine veiled beauty to be all that it appears,—superlatively beautiful,—and the unveiled reals of the Occident will be transformed into something like the veiled ideals of the Orient.

AN Eastern legend tells, how when Paradise faded from earth a single rose was saved and treasured by an angel, who gives to every mortal, sooner or later, one breath of fragrance from the immortal flower, one alone.

I thought all roses perished
With the paradise that went,
Nor dreamed an angel cherished
With one, the dear intent,
To some day, sooner, later, give
The heavenly breath and bid me live.
I breathed that one, that one alone,
Life-breath by angel given,—
And heard the words,—*"It shall atone*
For all thou'st lost and striven."
The angel spoke blest words to me:
I listened, looked, and, lo! 'twas *thee!*

Imagination paints all portraits, that it loves, miniature fine.

ITALY has no more shrines at which to pray, no more saints to whom to pray than has a nature which, Italy like, glows in a glory of light and color in the morning of desires and languishes in a soft radiance in the evening of their setting. To such a nature the ideal possesses a charm as potent in the fading radiances as in the glowing ones: and its prayers being not less idealistic at the shrine whose light shines dimly through the gathering mists, its fervor is not less than when it knelt at that one whose every stone was effulgent with the light of the morning sun.

IF it is with true reverence that we press our foreheads 'gainst the earth before the shrines of Nature, we will not come short in making respectful obeisance before the brick and mortar altars of the world.

LET not Heresy sit beside you in the pleasant places of thought, for it is a subtle artist, and will as surely set up in forest glade as in cathedral nave that image which is from head to feet of gold and precious metals; but the *feet* being of base material—clay—at a stroke it will fall. Rather look up through the forest leaves to the stars and in them read the everlasting truth.

Quarrel with no circumstance of pleasure, be it in the embryo of an anticipation or in a reality but half consummating the anticipation.

BLUE skies, bluer seas, a long stretch of African mountains, past the smokeless cone of Etna, sky and sea, and then, in the distance delicately and firmly cut in the yellow and crimson of the Eastern sky,—Egypt, the Nile land, the land of our dreams!

"Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea—
How long they kiss!—in sight of all the lands,—
Ah, longer, longer we!

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,—
And Cleopatra's night drinks all. 'Tis done.
Love, lay thy hand in mine."

Yes, look,—look off across the sallow sands, and see how these come creeping, creeping to the very borders of that mysterious River! The old Land's life! See how, sphinxlike, "the mighty fallen" are crouching in the deeps of that sallow sand, warming their broken hearts against the old Land's breast, and taking the hot kiss of great Ra and the soft embrace of lovely Isis with a grace not less proud than when they stood in prime of glory on these same sallow sands. It is only solemn Osiris that has grown more solemn and keeps watch with more of silence beside Mer,—beloved,—and Mena's

shadowy figure hovers in deeper shadow over the borderland of history and tradition. These all are here, but where are Thoth, Anubis, Horus, Hathor? Where Saf and Khem, Hek and Seb? And where, O where, loveliest goddess of the land, Ma, with her scales of Justice and her scepter of Truth? Gone? Gone, and not gone,—but kneeling deep in the Desert's sands, or close to thy mysterious waters, O thou River of life to the land of the Pharaohs! Memphis, Thebes, Karnak, all kneeling,—standing,—in their mighty grandeur while the Nile pulses by them and between the soft green of the pasture lands;—holding in abeyance the shifting sands of the Great Desert. A narrow strip, these pasture lands, with a hungry world feeding on them: a wide stretch, that scorched Desert, with a no less hungry world searching for food. But the Arab loves his desert; loves it none the less because of hunger,—wanders among its silences, slakes his thirst at the well by the palm's roots, stretches himself to rest in the cool green of its oasis,—makes it *all* his,—this far-reaching Desert,—and leaves it only when he goes to sing under some latticed window,

"I love thee, I love but thee."

But it is the sound of a mighty chorus

that we hear. The chorus of the centuries! Hear it, as it comes sweeping down the River past Karnak, past Thebes, past Memphis,—sweeping through the pylons' splendid arches, through the temples' empty chambers, through the tombs' grim silences—sweeping down and around the Pyramids and the Sphinx,—sweeping across the dumb Desert,—sweeping down, ever adown the River,—the River!—until it breaks its mighty volume along the shores of the Sea and we hear the promise,—the promise of the chorus of the centuries,—

"Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!"

Then these shall stand, shall kneel, shall warm their broken hearts against their Mother's breast, shall feel the kiss of the Sun-god and the embrace of Luna's lovely goddess,—shall feel all this

"Till the sun grows cold,"—

shall know all this

"Till the stars are old,"—

shall live all this

"Till the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!"

Such the promise of the chorus of the centuries! Hear ye, hear ye, O ye gods of Egypt?—

"Till the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!"

"The river is lost, if the ocean it miss;
If the sea miss the river, what matter?"

What becomes of Philosophy when the eyes must see other sights than the dear little delights that so contented them?—for though

> Time counts for naught when folded
> Back upon itself, the days stand full revealed!
> And all the coming ones unroll
> Along the path we tread:

yet halcyon days do have the necromancer's skill to conjure up, at will, these "dear little delights" with a pathos too tender for Philosophy's handling.

Give to a chance beginning the breeze of fortunate circumstance, and you are possessed of that blessed thing called Providence.

WHEN two lives are mixed by the same force they do not readily resolve apart again; and if that force has taken a hand in mixing the wishes, desires, affections, and purposes of these lives, it will take more than the separation of body from body to resolve them apart.

THE trouble and pain of distance is that the fine splinters of lives wrenched apart stretch out and feel continually the numbness and chill of separation; but the pleasure and joy of it is to

"See how I come, unchanged, unworn!—
Feel where my life broke off from thine,
How fresh the splinters keep and fine,—
Only a touch and we combine!"

Such a starved bank of moss
  Till, that May morn
Blue ran the flash across:
  Violets were born!

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
  Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
  Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about
  Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
  That was thy face!

Robert Browning.

WHEN Robert Browning died, this world shrunk to a commoner evenness. In his life was the flame of the "old and dear," and heat enough to fuse soul and flesh into a being worthy to be called a man! . . . And when some hand wrote (and left it on his grave), "Yes, I give thee highest praise when I say, through thee I am nearer to God," that hand wrote for many.

Balance, measure, rhythm! Listen when these come together to play in the orchestra of a single life, and you will hear a symphony.

THE history of a woman made famous on the sacred page by the fulfillment of a mission that was laid upon her tells also of how she was possessed of that beauty which equipped her for any call within a woman's sphere and, in this special mission, out of it. The story reads, "She clothed herself with the garments of her gladness and put sandals on her feet, and took her bracelets and corslets and rings and adorned herself with all her ornaments: and the Lord also gave her *more beauty*,"—"exceedingly beautiful" is the epithet on the sacred page. She added to native beauty rich and varied ornament, and together the natural and the superficial equipped her for her mission. The story is as old as the page on which it is recorded; and the idea holds that beauty and such ornamentation as may enhance it, are a woman's natural right, nor are they, when kept under a rule of a sweet decorum, the helpers or cause of the untrue—that untruth which springs from the corrupt nature of man when fostered by the most delusive of senses, sight. Mere plastic beauty, with its more or less of added ornament, has in itself no distinct power over minds that recognize soul in its classic outline. To such, ornamentation

holds that relative value which the draperies that an artist uses have to the statue. It is the statue, pure and simple in its classic lines, that holds the charm: the draperies are accessory. The intelligence, the tact, the grace to subordinate all accessories to the real, to the true beauty of the mind and heart, to give to each its classic finish, to make all coalesce and harmonize, is a gift,—is God's beauty,—the rarest of gifts, and is a beauty not to be concealed by those draperies which a woman in her love of the beautiful employs. It is not the material form nor any adornment of it that works the charm all-powerful, but the mind, the soul. These seem to touch the body, as it were, with their grace, and it becomes a beautiful expression of God's beauty. This is the beauty that is a glory to the awakened mind, an enigma to the unawakened. Busy as the world is in discerning and comparing the beauty of women, few recognize the source of its power and fewer appreciate the real power there is in the harmonious blending of the two forces, the within and the without. It is when this blending is absolutely harmonious that we have the type, perfect, beauty in classic outline. The possessor of this sequence of beauty must be content with the epithets "handsome," "refined,"

"cultivated," mindful that it is not given to every social astronomer, however persevering in research, to see how "one star differeth from another star in glory."

Oh woman! Lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

Thomas Otway.

1682.

No pen, ancient or modern, has given so delicate a delineation of love's experiences as that of Aristophanes, the Greek satirist. Aristophanes meets Petrarch in Elysium and questions him about Dante and himself. Petrarch answers, "I had now for a long time been furnishing my mind with much important knowledge, some of which I had already given to the world in books, when *that* Laura (quella Laura), of whom I have spoken, came into my view. I do not know how it was that now all these thoughts of mine, scattered before in many directions, came suddenly together, into one mass, and turned themselves upon this one woman, so that she became the master of my intellect more than I myself. No other object was before my eyes: I saw Laura only. One glance of hers, a sigh, a smile, her pose, began to be to me things of moment, so that I gave myself up to portraying them in verse. Nor can I account for it how everything I had ever gained by study was forthwith turned into use to ornament the pictures I made. These were seen by men, and they were pleased with them; and so to the stimulus of love was joined that of fame. From thenceforth I felt myself ever more and more animated and transported both by

impulse and effort, so that I devoted myself entirely to painting *her and me.* Then I studied my own heart as people study books, only with much more diligence; and by this self-study and self-acquaintance, I discovered in my heart, in its every slightest movement, whether of hope, of fear, of grief—of every feeling, in fine—an infinity of circumstances with which to embellish and increase my inward affections, and with which I quickly colored them and put them into words, thus giving outward form to my inward feelings and making a picture of them. Thus it came to pass that every man who saw the representation of what he felt within himself stopped to look, finding in my pictures the similitude of his own feelings; and in his wonder that every inmost impulse could be thus clothed in palpable substance (*potesse avere tanto corpo*) he exclaimed, in recognizing the portrait, 'How true!'" Aristophanes here tells Petrarch that the great success he met in the popularity of his work was because he had handled a subject that was not only universal but a "common vice" —(*il vizio comune*) at which Petrarch exclaims, "No, no, Aristophanes! not vice. I would have you know that in regard to the passion of love I depict naught else than that which is noble, courteous,

graceful. In nature there are many aspects—infinite beauty, great ugliness: but he who would copy her should select the beautiful in her; and he who does not cannot be called a good artist, but is one of those painters who make a likeness from defects, lends his brush to disproportions, and produces ugliness,—nature caricatured. From such work, as from fire, I keep clear." Having thus defended himself and his art against the charge of vice, Petrarch proceeds to question why it was and how it was that Laura had spoiled his appreciation of objects attractive, his eyes seeing one object only,—

" Sul una donna veggio, e'l suo bel viso."

With Petrarch it was personal beauty that touched the soul's chord; with many another man, mien, manner, sense, sentiment. Soul-traits of inborn nobleness have been as all-inspiring and as potent to make a man cry

" Sul una donna veggio, e'l suo bel viso!"

for, from whatever its conception, Platonic love—an innocent name for a very complicated misery—is easily nurtured. It is only needful that a beauty pleasing to the mind of a lover pass before his real or mental vision, and the elevation to the

throne of the senses or of the soul begins. In gentle, courteous speech, mind gets an index of mind; and if the gifts of that mind are rare enough, gentle speech will make them, as it were, translucent not only in words but in every accompanying attitude. However patrician these gifts may be, courtesy and modesty will play noble parts, and sentiment will throw its multicolored light upon the scene and call the two,

"born the whole wide world apart,"

to recognize, and to

"read life's meaning in each other's eyes."

Then comes the suffusion of delicate feelings, partly harmonious, partly sympathetic, and the mind is in a glow. So far all may have been spontaneous, natural, but it is here that a battle is to be fought if the affections are not to be allowed further advance. Will now takes "a hand" and the mind concurs and acts so that what was spontaneous becomes purpose. The affections are stimulated to an infinite degree just as a flame will ascend if the hot coals, smoldering under ashes, are fanned by a wind. And this is precisely what Petrarch did: he stirred the ashes and, as his sonnets show,

kept fanning them until the delicious agitation became all-powerful, and will and reason powerless, at the helm of a life driven before such a tempest. Such the life of Petrarch and such that of Heloise —deepest souled woman! Petrarch took to poetry, Heloise to piety; but they had, like Hercules, wrapped about them the flaming vesture—no relief—the story of its pain and its pleasure alike, in three words,

"Sul una donna!"
Un sol uomo!

LET poets pierce Nature's gloom and flood her beauty with the transcendent light of their poetic imaginations; but go not to them for the moral law, nor for that sublime truth which underlies law. They are not lawgivers unless it be on Love, and then they write law for that phase of love which is oftener traced on the sands of earth than that which is written on the vault of heaven; and, besides, they have special genius for introducing prettily phrased heresies which come to pervade belief like the pure white mists that rise among the mountains and settle over the lower heights. Such mists do not stop life or its duties, but they do prevent those in them from an all-embracing view, and, above all, prevent a view of that sunlight which does so glorify the upper air,—above the mists,—and in which the true poet, living ever in the sunlight of his own high endowments, must rejoice. These heresies are more often the result of poetic license than of intent to dim that spiritual vision which needs, in coming from oblivion into light, to see the full glory of the Throne of Love.

"PHILOSOPHY finds the ultimate meaning of the universe under the notion of the ego; poetry looks through the worlds of time and space as through a sublime symbol to the eternal beauty; morality, as the victorious struggle of the personal soul after righteousness, discovers God through life. We need philosophy with its notion, and poetry with its symbol, and morality with its life. These three great expressions of the human spirit must ever remain."

Romance,—would it differ so materially today from yesterday did the press and the telegraph not deny to hero and heroine the wearing of the impersonal domino?

I would have five mottoes: so, I turn to you,
Who are ever in touch with the old and the new,
And you answer, taking my hand:
"First, a command,—
'Mark the hours that shine.
And choose you in their light a friendship, fine.'

Second, a prayer,—
And feel you how it fills the air!—
'Let me dream my dream!'—
Fills the air, and holds you heaven and earth
between!

Third, a promise
(That sounds like a bliss!),
'All things come to those who wait!'
And this leads straightway to the Fourth,—*the gate*
At which I linger,—to whisper in your ear,
'My happiest moments center here.'
Now, prithee, you the Fifth on me bestow.
Hear I?—
For warmth and shelter where to go
I know! I know!"

SAINT GEORGE'S DAY.

Some wind blew a flower
(Aye, know I from where!).
It fell at my feet,
on the still evening air.
I caught it, and whispered:
"Bright one, thou must go
On a journey this night,
and bestow
A joy—pure as thyself!—

Hark!—No footsteps draw near?—
Then, sweet one, *thy token!* . . .
That's all. He'll know—
At eve, morn, or noontide,
In cloister or hall,
Who's there by his side."

HIS MADONNA.

What thought the master
When he fixed this angel face
In sky of gold?—here, in holy place,—
The clouds soft, filmy, as her falling lace.

Thought he that men would come
With reverence, her royal state to see?
And seeing, turn in prayer—as she—
Their eyes,—beyond the place,—and fall
on bended knee?

'Tis true,
That so the master thought:—
And thus the inspiration, caught
Fire to brush,—and lo, he painted as
God taught.

HIS CROWN.

See, how it glows
(Full mercy God bestows)
Glows with heaven's imprisoned light,
Now finished is the earthly fight,–
And pinioned full, his soul above
Floats ever, in God's light and love.

It is said that if we do but live long enough we will find in the memories of a welded friendship the only point at which thought comes in joyous touch with human life.

Memory glows along the sky line,
Dyes the clouds of life like wine,
Leads us through her sacred temples,
Stays our feet by every shrine,

Catches quickly each low heart moan,
Clasps us in her arms, alone,
Whispers softly of a future
That would surely all atone.

Thus in tenderest pity does she
Call, or woo a hope for us,
Mindful ever, gentle spirit,
That all hope is one with trust.

IN a disappointment that is *all* disappointment a pure bitter remains that no after sweet will take away, which leaves the taste unimpaired,—no mixed flavor of half pleasure, but pure and fine, without taint of common sweets. And yet to determine to save one's self the pure bitter of a disappointment by denying one's self the sweet sipping at an anticipation is to lose, "most like," all pleasure.

PUT satisfaction to a crucial test, and it will be found to consist of but little more than that a swallow feels in dipping its beak, or sweeping the surface of the lake with its wing; and yet, there are *deep satisfactions*.

What the light of day fails
to discover is, in some night,
by the altar's lamp, revealed.

THE VOICE OF IMPATIENCE.

Say when,—for the year is wearing on,
And the days are gray, and all time is long,
And the leaves that reddened in Autumn's glow
Are fallen and sere on the earth below.

THE VOICE OF PROMISE.

Hist! under these leaves are the reds of life,
Waiting and watching, aglow and rife
For the chance to burst, with Love's first kiss,
The bands of winter, and drink spring's bliss!

OF what use is wishing, earnest wishing? Endless good. What else so sets the soul athrob and pushes the clay of existence into Pisgah heights?—those glorious heights from which pathways lead to left and right and the zigzag roadways lead on to the to-be-revealed! These heights attained, wishing takes on the dignity of purpose, the mind takes large range, and the will gives free rein,—the mists lift or fall away into the swamp lands far below, while the clear waters of the upland lake reflect a face made fair by bathing its dust's seamed lines. Nature, on these heights, has no *culs-de-sac,* all open and free,—and all day long from crest of rock and lap of dell edelweiss and rose send greetings on the lips of the breeze, and the paradise bird sings to its mate,

I love thee, yes, love thee,
My sweetest mate dear!
And love thee, and love thee
For singing so clear,—
For singing thy song, Love,
Alone to my ear!

HEART-WISHES, say the Italians, are *senza misura*,— not measured, not to be measured. Such wishes having the impulse of their own native vitality dilating spontaneously, no people ought to know better the *senza misura* of them than the children of a soil in which Nature dilates with a beauty and spontaneity that is without measure.

WHERE ART THOU?

I listen—listen—lifting up my heart,—
I look and see thee near and yet apart,—
Feel thee close and ever near to me—
Afar, yet near,—and, looking, looking, see
My love alone:—the world unseen—
My own!—though hundreds stand between.

THE *Seufzen Allee* is to be closed. Closed—beautiful vista that it is! From an acorn, so to say, grew the branching oaks that shade it, far-reaching these, deep-rooted, festooned, too, and garlanded to topmost twig with, ah! so delicate a vine. Poetry has graced this path, and will again, but till she comes again Philosophy,—stalwart guard to all virtues and one who helps them to blend in due and proper proportion,—shall walk the Allee alone. There, arm in arm with this sage, Memory will search out Poetry's steps, and Memory too shall take her sun bath in the light that filters through the branches. And then Memory and Philosophy shall laugh with the neighboring brook because there is one thing on earth too choice to have a counterpart! The beginning was chance and incident,—and Philosophy and Memory know how to make the most of these,—and walking arm in arm through the now closed Allee shall determine whether this whole which has eventuated so perfectly is the fortune come from chance or from Providence.

"AS ideal loveliness is to the sculptor, faith is to the heart, —faith rightly understood extends over all the works of the Creator, whom we can know but through belief;—it embraces a calm confidence in ourselves, and a serene repose as to our future,—it is the moonlight that sways the tides of the human sea."

THE SONG OF FAITH.

Athwart the sky to farthest reach
Clouds, full of storm, pile each on each,
But, close along the horizon's line
A light flames upward,—all divine!—
A light from altar, thine and mine.
Speak gently, caro,
soft and low,
Il caro, caro mio!

Now, hand in hand, we watch the sky
And see its storm clouds passing by,
Dispelled by rays of heavenly light
That makes a day of darkest night,
And drapes Love's couch all gold and bright.
Breathe softly, caro,
soft and low,
Il caro, caro mio!

O rapturous night!—O glorious day!—
What ransom is too dear to pay
For joy and freedom such as this!
A joy that's life,—no dream of bliss,—
A freedom God-sealed with a kiss.
Sing sweetly, caro,
sweet and low,
Il caro, caro mio!

FATE. FAITH.

SOMEWHERE in every experience these highways intersect, and it is of the utmost interest to note what effect the experiences that have led up to this point of intersection is to have upon the choice made. If they have hardened—made unbeautiful the outlook into life—and are naturally pessimistic, temperament will throw its weight of influence into the choice, and then will the eyes of Fate see

"Only a driving wreck,
And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck
With anguished face and flying hair
Grasping the rudder hard,
Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false, impossible shore.
And sterner comes the roar
Of sea and wind, and through the deepening gloom
Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom,
And he too disappears, and comes no more."

But if these experiences, whatever their nature, have made the soul cry out, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," the eyes of Faith will see the rainbow of promise in any sky and the voice proclaim,

"I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive!—What time, what circuit,
I ask not; . . . . . .
. . . . . .
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!"
. . . . . .
"Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns im-
part."

A FATE.

It ploughed through her life
  With a furrow so deep,
That venture she dare not,
  Except in her sleep,—
When in holy somnambulance
  God leads her unharmed
To where, in His goodness,
  She wakens rearmed.

"TAKE from the Infinite reality this show under which it appears in time and space, pierce backward to the Eternal under this phenomenal pageant, and then our conceptions at their best answer to, are but the thought-side of, the ultimate and everlasting truth."

The larger the deposit of sadness in a nature, the easier is that nature stirred by pathetic thought.

Let time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine:
The fairest love, from Heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone:
If naught but pain to me remain
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

Thomas Carlyle.

If sorrow,
In the nobler sort,
Bears semblance to despair,
And every thought from out the heart
Is worded like a prayer,
And every wish is carried swift
To Him who reigns above,
It is because, through time and chance,
I've kept unharmed thy love.

HOWEVER delightfully merry a memory of yesterday, we laugh heartiest when our feet are racing over the beach of life made smooth and fine by the tide of the happy today.

"If life be not that which without us we find—
Chance, accident merely—but rather the mind,
And the soul which, within us, surviveth these
things,
If our real existence have truly its springs
Less in that which we do than in that which we
feel,"

. . . . . then

"Time is a fiction, and limits not fate.
Thought alone is eternal. Time thralls it in vain.
For the thought that springs upward and yearns to
regain
The pure source of spirit, there is no TOO LATE."

CHE SERÁ, SERÁ.

A shadow in morning
comes not from above,
But creeps to our feet
from below, my love,—
And, that one, enmeshed us
in dark, misty air,
Was because we forgot—
in a moment of care—
That time is a fiction
and limits not fate"—
That in love eternal
there is no "TOO LATE."

NO amount of reflection lessens the annoyance of a *contretemps* come to a cause that is of no interest to any but one's self; on the contrary, increases it, since in reflection the mind runs a wild gamut over the possibilities and the impossibilities until it falls back *desolé,—desolé!*

I WALKED along a pathway that overlooked the highway of a life, —no dusty thoroughfare, but one with wealth of flora planted, and I marveled at the care with which all this was nurtured into a perfection of bloom. The many who were graciously permitted to walk that way found turf with intersect of soft white sand, for the feet's comfort; and of these many who walked, I saw how some were on duty, some on pleasure bent, but some on wantonness. . . . I walked again along the overlooking pathway, and, looking, saw all the flowers within a long arm's reach broken, and thrown ruthlessly into the roadway, while the green and tender leaves and frondage were ground as by a heel into the soil. Appalled at such wanton devastation of the beauty that had contributed so much to the cheer of Duty's wayfarers, so much to the joy of pleasure seekers, I questioned what kind of enemy could have done this. And then I remembered the *wanton*. These were the swine before whom pearls had been spread. As I

pondered, there came from out a pathway, descending the mountain's side through shelter of trees and interlace of vines, a woman, tall and slight. She stepped into the middle of the roadway and for one short hour walked slowly about, contemplating the enormity of the devastation. Neither wind nor rain wrought this ruin; no law of nature compelling acquiescence, but that unnatural thing, ruthless wantonness. She pondered long how it was, that a domain, which by reason of natural beauty seemed to have been intended for the pleasure of many, and through which, to that end, she had opened up the fairest of highways,—how it was that any wayfarer could have been thus lawless. I watched her as she stopped to gather up the broken bloom, and noted how tenderly she lifted the crushed leaves from the mellow earth; and then I saw her turn and look away to where the entrance and the egress gates stood open wide: and I knew that from *henceforth these would be closed.* "What loss! what loss!" I cried; and as though my voice had reached her ear she raised her eyes, but they looked far away beyond my pathway's height, and as the sinking sun turned the clouds that threatened to enshroud the evening's sky into a glory, *she closed the gates.*

"The sky was fair,
And a fresh breath of spring stirred everywhere.
. . . . . white anemones
Starred the cool turf, and clumps of primroses
Ran out from the dark underwood behind.
No fairer resting place man could find
. . . . . and only,
The white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strip of moon-blanched green."

TO the eye the skin's smoothness about a deep wound may seem as perfect as before the wound was made, but to the touch, —that more sensitive of senses,—will be revealed the spot where the blade entered.

THE tatters of happiness best go with the wind that rent it; kept, they serve no better end than to remind. No feast is palatable with a skeleton at the board.

WHEN all the fires of life get stamped low and all the hopes of life unwinged, then shut thou thyself in the workshop of thy soul.

FROM the moment in which the door of birth opens and lets a life out upon the stage of living, until the moment in which the door of death closes upon its acting, life is one great tragedy:—comedy is only its by-play.

God kept a soul in leash,—
Most danger-near the portal of this world,—
Wherein, a body made and fashioned in a mold,
His own,—
Was waiting for the life-throb through its veins.

God turned his face,—
And straightway slipped the soul from side of Him:
And ere he saw 'twas opening up to life
Each dormant organ of the body there, that else
Was sodden clay.

The soul had chosen and its march begun.
Slow steps at first for one o'er brim with life,—
But hope gave promise, fast would grow the pace
When once those untaught feet had learned life's
stride.

And then,
Dear soul, what better couldst thou do?
Go back thou couldst not; the door was closed.
'Twas forward thou must go, howe'er opposed,—
Until thy God-taught feet had learned to run,—

To carry thee from whence thine eyes should see
The farther portal to God's paradise: to which,—
When come,—thy body will have done, and thou,
Enfreed, will leave it and slip back to God.

THE episodes of ever so dear a little animal existence are not engagingly interesting to the readers of biography. It is only when the soil of life heaves into unevenness, breaking the flat plain of childhood into the picturesque by action, that biography is engaging.

IF thy life unrolls pure cloth of gold, see to it that profane hands slash not into it as into common stuff,—and, in the end, use the remnant for the soles of their feet.

HEN no harvest is, gather together the scattered straws from the last, and bunch them together in the sunniest corner of thy dwelling place; then will thy flesh—maybe thy spirit—have comfort.

"The nun said her prayer,
The nun wove her lace:
Still was the air,
Lonely the place.
Only the convent bell, only the wild bird's note
With the sweet pang of sound the sighing silence smote.

The nun said her prayer,
The nun worked her lace:
Her cell was bare,
None saw her face.
Who then could ever think, who then could ever care?
Her tears fell on the lace, her smile broke through the prayer.

The nun said her prayer,
The nun wove her lace:
Life sad and fair,
Pity's keen grace,
Shaped with the broider's thread, shaped with the pious plaint,
One pattern, lilies white: one pattern, lilies quaint.

The nun ceased to pray,
The nun dropped her lace:
Through dusk of day
Veiled mourners pace.
What snow-white angels bear, what fevered mortals wear,
The lilies of her lace, the lilies of her prayer!"

THE force of education not infrequently holds in severest reserve natures whose beauty could be discovered only by a full, free outflow. Such men walk life's path like sentinels on their one beat, having enough of the soldier nature to endure to the end the dead monotony. But there are men who could not walk such path though from every side gratuities and condescensions pressed upon them. Freedom they must have;—the days must be filled with fresh, cheering gladness and allow of merrymaking over the simplest of their joys. Then is there courage for any buffeting and the grace to turn storm elements into serenest calm.

THE WHEEL IS COME FULL CIRCLE.

A FELICITOUS line, which in simple words gathers into one thought an entire drama, and sends the truth of it jingling along the lines of thought! *"The wheel is come full circle."* A circle being the emblem of eternity, what means it when one, with all its limitless boundaries, is drawn around the heart,—a dear name for its center? What but that such heart wears from henceforth the symbols of that happiness and dilates within the circle of it through the years of time; and will, with God's grace, through eternity. In the presence of the beloved, with the heart's movement, the circle may expand, but no new element of happiness will find room within its circumference. Feeling, too, will expand, and give growth and amplitude to every germ of joy planted within, and speedily will the hundredfold be brought forth.

In this harvest, words of simple truth will show their marvelous power to produce a confidence, spontaneous, and refreshing as the dew! One would think

such golden grain, like the seeds found buried for ages in the dark warmth of the pyramids of Egypt, could best conserve its vitality in the deep recesses where, excluded from the light of day, it drew its life from that other element of growth, warmth,—the warmth of the heart in which it lay so long; but, the element of growth, light, being missing, the life of the grain was dormant,—yes, dormant,—in the deep recesses of the heart, until in a moment of grace which, in a crisis, comes to the aid of nature—in a moment of *inspired* confidence,—a man reaches down into these caverns of silence, and from its hiding place draws forth the torpid germ into the *light!*—and then,

"There rises an unspeakable desire
. . . . . .
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know";

and,

"A man becomes aware of his life's flow
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze."

If, then, greater joy no man hath than to open his heart and let the full light of *a love* into its warm recesses, what will be

the new consecration he will make of himself? and how will he feel under this apocalypse of the soul—its wondrous revelations?

If life were religion he would bow down and adore forever! Under the influence of this strange apocalypse, what more natural than that he should imagine life,—like that of a monarch's of Israel,—gone back on its dial plate,—imagine the world remade in its ordainment,—imagine the will untrammeled and that man could place his love, without reserve, under the rule of that will, no hindrance to its showing ever new unfoldings of love's wealth and affluence; ready to undergo any test of its truth and fidelity; bent on gathering all knowledge and in concentrating every joy; excluding forever every image but that of the beloved? What more natural than for him to imagine all this in his new life, and to feel the air perfumed, and redolent of happiness?

Natural, and possible,—for though life is not gone back on its dial plate, but is going forward to its setting, the joy of it is, that unlike the days that had marked by the sun, and measured, perchance, by some rainbow of promise, the new days mark by the meridian of a *star*, whose light falls full upon the wheel that is *come full circle*.

"All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it."

There are laws which take more of courage to obey than of foolhardiness to disobey.

The will that dares to danger and allows an appetizer without imposing a penalty is a rare one.

If you would have thirst obey the law, don't drive desire danger-close to the sparkling waters of temptation.

Watch those stagnate who neither make an opportunity nor embrace a chance.

REGRET suggests a confession,—penance,—and close in the wake of it "stalks Remorse," that surly enemy of sleep. But there is no sigh for "the oblivion of sleep," when wakefulness calls up everything to joy over, nothing to regret.

"I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man:
Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve."

IT was a wild day; the clouds, like mountains piled upon each other, were adrift in the sky; and all the air was filled with certain and uncertain sounds. Through this, and into an uncertainty in harmony with wind and sound, a pilgrim went in search of a spot he had once, as by enchantment, come upon in a forest where the hand of an Ariadne would alone make sure of safe egress. In that forest retreat he had seen, as in a mirror, the deep life lineaments which, so long held in bonds, he believed to have been effaced: but, he had there seen them and recognized in them his true self, and in going his way he had not ceased to wonder nor ceased to be moved by the mysterious power of the revelation. Never could he be again as if he had not looked into that magic mirror, for, as a shadow with its substance the revelation walked by him.

The inward struggle it had evoked was passed, but he would find the place again and carry away from it some such memento as is tenderly plucked from a dear grave, or from any spot endeared by a surcharge of life. His intent was to find the enchanted path at the forest's edge and in it trace out his first footprints;—so he

crossed the grassy slope, edged along the highway to where a stream skirted past the trees of the great forest and knew that somewhere, close by, was the entrance to the path he sought. He pushed aside the thick undergrowth, peered into the wooded hillside; but no opening revealed itself. The tall trees and thick undergrowth gave no sign, and a nervous, rapid beating of his heart told him that hope and fear were in full conflict. Then he plunged into the thicket where he ran over mounds and into hollows until he believed some preternatural power was blinding him,—then desperately sought the open again, and with that impatience which accompanies a baffled search followed a long sweep of open hillside, but keeping close to the wood in which he had been struggling. Now he loitered about, neither sitting nor standing long at a time; and, like Childe Roland, he carried a slug-horn at his belt, and "dauntless" he raised it to his lips and blew.

Back from the deep heart of the forest came a clear echo, and on the right, in the thicket's break, he saw the *path*. Strange, rapturous memories put the Ariadne thread into his hand, and anon he stood upon the hallowed ground he sought, the very spot where had been enacted the fateful drama of his life. . . . The wind swept the tree-

tops in one great symphony of sound; and the soul of the man was responsive to every harmony evoked, for there he held,

"Bound up together in one volume,
What through the universe in leaves is scattered;
Substance, and accident, and their operations,
All interfused together in such wise
That what I speak of is one *great* light.
. . . . . .
A flash of lightning, wherein came its wish.
. . . . . The love which moves the sun
and all the stars."

"AND thy nightingale, when they caught and caged it, refused to sing? Softly didst thou unbar the cage,—thou heardest the foliage rustle, and, looking through the moonlight thine eyes saw that it had found its mate. And thou didst feel that the secret of its music was the presence of a thing beloved."

Let all else go, I keep –
As of a ruin a monolith –
Thus much, one verse of five words,
each a boon :–
Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon.

Robert Browning.

Lake Como, morning, a villa,
Cupid and Psyche, a grove.

"LET all else go,"—thus much, no more, I keep of all the languorous beauty that hung above and around the shores of Italy's fairest gem—Como—as I drifted into its resting places and wandered through its groves. Close to the edge of one of these, up at a villa, I came upon that incomparable *history* of Love, written by the hand of Canova, along the lines of finest marble. A creation of surpassing loveliness, this history! How came it, O ye gods of Olympus, that not one of you did create such as this, but left the immortal task to mortal hands? And how came it, O ye poets of Love, ye who have sung of Jupiter, Apollo, and the rest, that not one of you has sung of the beauty of these, in this perfectest grouping of Love's god and goddess? The language of Greece would alone be equal to a harmonious rendering of the rich, flexible,

overflowing imagery here conveyed in marble; and Greek art being a strong element in each, Goethe, Shelley, Browning, might have sung fittingly of this master work—Cupid and Psyche in the embrace of love eternal. For the love here portrayed is not an episode of existence but the *life* actual, full and free. And so perfect is the delineation in this marble—warm with life, and a kiss the symbol of it—that one is made to feel the beauty of the mutual inward inhesion of two souls when under the masterful influence of love.

Canova chose that moment in which Psyche,—soul-beauty,—makes convert of *Amor,* long time knight-errant holding free range. She shows the god of Love this beauty; he recognizes,—claims it for his own. There is neither coyness nor contest, not a trace of victor or vanquished, as he stoops to gather this love to his soul;—nothing but the simple, natural surrender of soul to soul, as instant and unreserved as when *self recognized self* in paradise. Thenceforth one life.

What an atmosphere was this, that made of the somber walls of the old villa a gray splendor! Outside all was a green splendor. Life, green and fragrant: a life of which that life, "in a love," is part. . . . I wandered over the dew-pearled grass

towards the grove with its embowering leaves. Footsteps, light as the air that set the leaves in motion, followed. I dare not turn. Had nature wooed them into their own sweet element? and were they roaming

Through the grass,—through the grass,
And the tangled weeds in mass,
And the wild flowers nodding as they pass!

Hear them whisper,—morning's bliss!—
See them seal it with a kiss!
Without which their heaven they'd miss.

Bending grass and tangled weeds,—
Laughing flowers that drop your seeds,—
Hear their vows and whispered needs:—

Hear their vows:—and interlace
Leaf-like wings—for one brief space—
And sponsors be to Love's embrace.

"Let all else go,"—I keep these!—living in that love which dilates and endures:—crowned with perfect beauty and perpetual youth! . . . . . *Lake Como,—morning,—a villa,—Cupid and Psyche,—a grove!*

"THE artistic spirit that moves in our century, and that irresistibly impels every man whose calling has within it any of the higher possibilities to establish between it and his spirit a sacred relationship, has brought into existence a nobler purpose, a profounder sincerity, a larger vitality, and a certain mystic charm in the whole business of living."

CRYSTALLIZED thought is poetic, because, the substance of the thing thought of having fallen away, the soul of it only remains; and this the poet, when his inspiration is the truest, uses.

WHEN we consider what life would be without separation from that we love best in the world, then are we discontent: but when we remember what life *was,* before we had any share in the *best loved,* then are we content indeed.

Vampires are not respecters of time or place, and being good sailors, are always "on the bridge" keeping an outlook for haunts, sacred.

Note.—Be quick to recognize these and deny them the place of familiars, *if* you would maintain the haunt's sacredness.

LE JUSTE MILIEU.

Let not the sun rise on thy confidence nor go down upon thine anger: forgiveness thou owest to thine enemy, remembrance to thyself.—*Colton.*

GOD invests every soul with certain rights its own,—nobody else's,—and that amiability which allows these to be appropriated by another is as reprehensible as is the vandalism of the appropriator. A higher law is obeyed in guarding these rights than in indulging the demands of the selfish in such vandalism. Some one has put the matter in this delightful epigram: "Yes, be kind, be generous, but do not allow yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade."

THE world goes astray on the subject of rights and duties, giving, in its autocratic way, precedence to right, whereas sound philosophy reverses the order, gives duty the first place; because, duty *is* prior to right in that it exists independent of right and limits right. Madam Guizot writes in one of her interesting letters, "The idea of duty must precede that of right as cause must precede effect. There are rights because there are duties, not duties because there are rights: just as there is society because there are men, not men because there is society. All social rights that derive from our nature, as man, are possessed by us in virtue of duties imposed upon us and upon other men, our equals." And then she proceeds to illustrate the truth of this philosophy in that simple way that "he who runs may read." "A father has the right of obedience from his son as long as obedience is a duty for the son: when that duty ceases the right no longer exists: yet the nature of the father remains unchanged; the change is in the son, there being no longer in him that which created in the father a right over him—that is, no longer the duty of obedience. And so, in society of every sort, right supposes duty; and the authority of all law is founded on the duty to

obey." Despite the harsh features and exacting ways of duty, as it appears at an age when inexperience and willfulness are at war with the powers that be, seeking to reverse the order of their ruling; these laws, in the long run, never fail to impress the inexperienced or lawless with the gentleness as well as the forcefulness of their features. The wheel turns untiringly on, the inexperienced of yesterday are the experienced of today; duty is supreme, and justice tempered with love is meted out to right.

THE nobler faculties are not much employed in the so-called everyday affairs, and not because we find them too good. Why then? Possibly because we believe there to be a fitness in the employment of something less than the noblest in affairs of a common sort; possibly because we never outgrow that kind of childishness which demands compliment for doing well and feels pique at the absence of it:—possibly.

GIVE that better charity than your purse,—your hand,—and lift some wayfarer to where he may see, however far they be, the mountains of promise, that in good time he may walk thitherward by way of the sweet valleys of realization.

PLANT each cross and leave it at the mile's end for which it was intended; the waiting ones need in turn thy shoulders. Brace thy shoulders, bear each cross with like readiness to its destined place, and life will be cheated of *thee* among its sacrificed.

THE heart feels an undefined satisfaction, a certain subliming of its nature, in hearing a good and well-deserved compliment spoken in its ear. And when this satisfaction ties together the ends of that fine cord on which we have strung the iridescent pearls of feeling, well may we exclaim, "Is this necklace indeed ours!"

THE charm of a correspondence consists in its being of a character interesting in itself; no need of introducing third persons or the gossip of them.

THERE is a time-established belief that whatever the subject of a woman's letter, the gist of it is to be found at the end, done up in a postscript or sent trailing along the page's margin. Which method—one half the world being partial to postscripts about the other half—ought to be most popular, and is; since with the letter finished, it is with a delicious alertness that the marginal pursuit begins, up and down, in and out, around corners, until in "full cry" the scent of the racy thought, or news *extraordinaire,* is come upon. Delightful! Long life and health to sportsmen of every *genre.*

Dear S——h.

Since that day on which old Master Maitland pitted us against each other for the best essay to be written on the proverb —and very apparent truth—"God made the country; man made the town," and we agreed to return him blank papers, I have always been proud of the courage we evidenced in declining to attempt an essay on *a fact* that is done and finished all in one line,—no argument about it. But now that I am come down from our hill country, from the God-made of our boyhood, into the man-made of our dreams and desires, I have not the courage to send you blank paper, which will go to prove another fact—that "We change our skies, but not our minds." The sweet truth of that will be accepted unchallenged by you, dear S——, which would not be its happy luck had I proclaimed it to my neighbor here. I am in the man-made now, where my neighbor delights in raising the most complex questions from very simplest truths; and when he has evolved therefrom a ten-storied argument and convinced himself (because of my silent attention) that I would make the best of tenants for the tenth floor of his great brick apartment house ("so appreciative"—of his ten-storied theories), I bow me out through his big doorways, or slip

me down his fire escapes, anyway, anyhow, so that I get away to the God-made, —out into the "fields all tied up nosegay-like with hedges." And if it be May in England, these hedges will be rollicking with bloom and the fields laughing with flowers, and all together they will be as fresh and as full of sweet sounds as was the old cathedral, in the close near by, ten centuries ago.

Or, if these fields be in France, in Germany, in Italy, they will be ramparted with tall poplars, silken-leaved lindens, soft gray olives; and under cover of kneeling willows, streams will be whispering sylvan secrets to the listening banks, and all will be as fresh and joyous as young life in the new-made town,—new-made, ten centuries ago. Or, if these fields be the inheritance of the Arab, the Nile will come pulsing through their sphinx-like silence; keeping the life-throb in the old Land's breast, and the shimmering radiance of the sun in its afterglow will vivify the yellow waste of shifting sand and overlay with gold the temples,—the temples of forty centuries ago.

And then beyond these fields and beyond all centuries are the *hills*,—"the everlasting hills"—that come down in all the witchery of fern and vine and glinting leaves into the very lap of the time-scarred

towns, while the greater mountains, like to a stampede of wild horses, break away, crowding upon each other, climbing, climbing,—until in the upper air they toss foam-white clouds from side and flank of them and shake out manes of eternal beauty against the blue of heaven.

And so, dear S——, in every land, under cross or crescent, Nature bids her worshipers to her fresh, new-made Meccas and sends them on their way again wearing, like a crown, the green turban of the devout, by which, when I am come back to the hill country, you will know me for a true Moslem of the God-made, for

> High on the mountain's steepest rock,
> Or low by a shrine at the base,
> I see as I look to the shrine, or the top,—
> Forever, and always God's face!

EACH day's attainment finds the earnest climber as grateful for the cooling moss into which he presses his tired feet as will the last attainment of all, since each in turn is "dared and done."

"AS BY FIRE."

TO arrive at the determination *to do* is said to be half the battle —the lesser half, if the thing to be done is the crucial one of destroying loved and valued letters —and it is only in obedience to the law of expediency that such determination is arrived at. For, what says *the law* on this most interesting subject? "Manuscript, to which belong letters personal that are worth valuing, is heritable property and can be given a commercial value." A commercial value!

Such the law, and such the penalty. The alternative, the crucial one of saving, "as by fire," the beloved children of a dear pen. *Beloved children!* Niobe plead with Apollo to spare one at least of her dear children—"Leave me but the least of them":—but the god was inexorable; all the fair forms that had from their birth grown nearer and dearer to Niobe's heart were doomed to perish.

A relentless law, whether it be of hate or expediency, is resultant in *loss* to every Niobean heart; as, witness letters,—dear in their personality and valued because they are the fairest children of a heart and brain beloved. In the name of the

love that bore them and of the love they inspire, we plead for one—"unam"—one only!—but the goddess, that untiring huntress Expediency, has decreed, and the sacrifice begins.

Like Niobe, we cling in turn to each, repossess ourselves of each beautiful feature, and, despite the heart's pleadings for one, *"only one,"* see them perish.

Others may be born in their stead, but the loss of the "firstborn" has passed into the sacred page as among the most poignant of griefs.

EXPEDIENCY has a graver sound, and therefore is, possibly, a more dignified title to give to the service rendered by that comely little handmaid Tact. That Principle can do without the services of either is true, for she does not take them into her service for the purpose of avoiding issues or compromising with the unprincipled; but Principle "is wise unto salvation," and to that end recognizes the wisdom of Expediency's methods and employs them in the adjustment of claims that conflict—an adjustment that concedes nothing of principle.

"THE truth in its true form is the mightiest thing on earth: it does not need eloquence or skill or passion to plead its claims; it makes way for itself, rises upon mankind as the unclouded sun does upon the earth, and puts the world under the sense of its glory and beneficent power."

MY LADY.

I AM not pleased when, in a crowd, I have my attention arrested by a face wherein I see a likeness; the feeling comes that some stranger is travesting my friend. But when I find the likeness in the lines of a fine portraiture, on the pages of a book, I delight me with a recognition, and eagerly run my finger along the lines to make sure that this, *his lady* of yesterday, is worthy to be ancestress of *my lady* of today. Along these lines I read:—that his had "a gracefulness overtopping the human in motion and in word." *And mine.*

That his had "the softness of temper becoming a lady, with the personal courage of a hero." *And mine.*

That his "spoke with a voice most agreeable; plain, simple words, never hesitating." *And mine.*

That his was "little versed in the common topics—scandal, censure, and detraction; that these formed no part of her conversation. She chose men rather than women for companionship; and yet she held the esteem and friendship of all—a thing extraordinary, since so much knowledge, wit, and vivacity in a woman are

qualities which usually create envy and its ills." *And mine.*

That his had "honor, truth, liberality, modesty—adorning virtues—and such her grace of manner that all sorts of people were at their best in her presence. To listen without distraction or indifference was the compliment she paid to the speaker." *And mine.*

That his *"in friendship steadfast and loyal was."*

And mine.

IT is as serious an indiscretion on the part of the woman of the Occident to drop the yasmack of conventionality as for her sister of the Orient to let fall her beauty-enhancing veil. No hasty readjustment makes the indiscretion less or reëstablishes, in the eyes of the onlooker, the happy illusions. Lovely yasmack!

PICTURES there are which so hold the light within them that neither ray of sun nor that of fullest moon is needed to bring out the palest tint. These pictures hang within the chancel rails of life, aglow with richest color, yet soft and dim as any Raphaelite; and, in this soft, rich glow of cloistered light, draw near or half recede, just as memory wakes or sleeps. Or, mayhap, these pictures start into very life when some hope, newborn, fans with joyous wing the smoldering fire on the altar, close.

Glowing or dim, *these are the chancel pictures!* and, if one is more beauteous than another, it is *that one* before which we sit and call back some *one day* from out the days, some *one year* from out the years,—call these together, a fair sisterhood, and look with tenderness and pride upon the beauty that is theirs! Such beauteous ones hang high, *high* within the holy place, enshrined indeed! . . . . . .

Pilgrims fetch offerings to the shrines of loved and worshiped saints, and leave them there with prayers,—sometimes with tears.

METAPHYSICS might be reckoned a species of poetry, dealing as it does with the ideal not as a fiction but as a real,—such, in fact, as the sublime poets make it.

A mind filled with bright fancies and quick imaginings easily establishes a *bon camaraderie* between the ideal and the real.

THE warm heart and clear brain of Boyesen, united gave the scarcely to be gainsaid testimony that "The most exquisite happiness of love does not consist in possession, but in rapturous anticipation and aspiration. The winged pulse, the deep stirrings of unutterable things, the ecstatic flashes of sublime insight, all that glorious tumult of soul that tunes us up and makes us live and thrill in every fiber—that is the sum of human felicity, the heavenly fullness foreshadowed, a faint recollection and an unmistakable prophecy of the immortality that awaits us."

The marvel is not that such joy as this, this fullness of joy, this perfectest sense of feeling, should sublime a life, but that a heart unused to profuse joy could contain such; nor could it, were this joy less ethereal than the spirit which it pervades. A life thus sublimed may wear the harness of living; the soul, too, may be strapped and buckled to the load: but this thing which the eye of man hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the understanding of man,—this precious thing,—creates for him *the new heaven and the new earth.*

The old earth, to which the parable of the wine that must be put into new bottles,

applied, is done away; and in its place that other world is created in which the soul may expand in endless delight, and through which,

"With the richest overflow
Of joy that ever poured from heaven, we go our way"

among the days that differ one from the other only in the rich variety of their joys, and all of them coming and going as did those fabled beings who came to earth in ethereal light and movement—one moment naught to be seen; the next, an apparition refulgent with light divine!

BETROTHED.

Breath of the Rose
  And Violet blue
Unto each other pledged
  Love, sweet and true,–
Ranged the fields
  In rapturous bliss
  Lisping vows akin to this:
"In dreams of night and thoughts by day,
Nearer, still nearer, 'till, in heart of May,
Grown to love's stature, we'll love's law obey.

"Dans le marriage il y à toujours un qui aime, et l'autre qui se laisse aimer."

A FRENCH proverb this, the law of which Amiel disclaims thus: "To surrender what is most profound and mysterious in one's being and personality at any price less than that of absolute reciprocity is profanation." Clearly, Amiel is the lawgiver, the proverb the embodiment of—shall I say, *a rule?*

Having discovered the law and the rule of the mysteriously intricate question, I went in search of any compliment there might be attached to a contract,—interesting in itself, independent of law or rule, and my first authority declared that there *is* a compliment in the question, "the greatest compliment a woman can pay a man, the compliment of marrying him."

My second authority declared this to be the proverb—the rule, peradventure, the law having been given, "in Paradise, before the fall, where Eve was offered to Adam for his acceptance." So, it may be, that among the momentous results of that catastrophe, there was a reversal of the paradisiac precedent, and thus matrimonial compliments *are* now the pre-

rogative of woman to bestow. At all events man must now pay court to her, and only under her scrutiny and approval does he pass the flaming portal of her paradise: and it is she that now "raises a mortal to the skies," making him ruler over a choice part of creation, rejoicing herself in being *the first of his subjects!*

Next, I looked up some philosophy on the subject, which reads, "Since matrimony supposes, and goes so far as to require, every other possible union to exist antecedently to the matrimonial union, it would assuredly be a great compliment to a suitor to be informed that he possesses qualities in full accord with the living pattern of his aspirations! Nothing now is needed but a ceremony, and *her compliment* is advanced to a compl*e*ment —perfect union!"

The law:—the rule:—the compliment:—the philosophy:—and Love dares to break or thwart any or all these!

Wisdom should have been born twin to Love,—and the first born of the two.

CIVILIZATION oftener refines the tortures of the soul than contributes to its pleasures; and yet the whole world gives its best soul-effort to the project of universal civilization. That bondmen may be freed, freemen must be bond. Such the law:—and who gainsays the law?

SILENCE means so much more than noise: it means an appreciation too fine to be expressed, a feeling too fine to be demonstrated. Or, when a serious dissatisfaction or a cold indifference is not to be made apparent, it means a delicate etiquette. Intuition is the one good interpreter, and the pity is so few keep her in employ. Her services count for little if called on only in emergencies.

SOLITUDE and Solitude! See her in the great Sahara enthroned, empress supreme, a forceful charmer, to whom we make obeisance with a love profound and joyous. See her in the great world, tyrant absolute, a forceful ruler to whom we make obeisance with a love profound in its pathos.

WOMAN'S solitude is in habitations, in the glare and flare of everyday life, and her contentment is in proportion to the cheerfulness with which she accepts the conditions.

A COTERIE of little fairies built for their queen a palace; and, it being a fairy palace, there was no fancy too illusive, and none that escaped embodiment in this marvelous creation.

Albeit fairies are in no need of a highway over which to convey material, these chose to select their building site no long way removed from a good highway, and, while not ignoring the convenience it afforded in the transportation of heavy materials, considered more the expediency of having their queen within reach of such of the halt and blind as should need to seek her good offices. And so, not in their forest demesne but on the edge of it, near to the deep waterways and the gently flowing streams that made through the forest avenues of sparkling brightness and pretty ways of bubbling sweetness, they built the palace for their queen. And every fairy of them being an architect, the pile when finished was like to the thing mortals fashion in dreams.

Within,—anterooms, reception rooms, audience halls, banquet halls, throne room, grand stairways, all tricked out with fairy pomp and splendor; and then an endless variety of quiet corridors and tiny stairways leading to broad balconies and breezy belvederes; and above all these floated,

from innumerable turrets, the royal ensign.

When the band of architects declared the palace finished, their queen gave command that every ensign be set afloat and every fairy subject in the kingdom bidden to a seven days' merrymaking, the which to close with a *fête champêtre,* and that at this festival she would confer the honor of knighthood on the several architects.

The seven days of merrymaking ended, her majesty called these, her now knighted architects, together in special audience, and submitted to them a plan for the building of yet another turret. The architects listened; but so far transcending the others was this one, in beauty of conception, that each architect in turn declared it to be a fairy's dream, not possible to construct.

Enough. Her majesty was pleased indeed, and gave them gracious dismissal. Then, as

> "A last remains of sunset dimly burned
> O'er the fair forests, like a torch flame turned
> By the wind back upon its bearer's hand,
> In one long flare of crimson: as a brand,
> The woods beneath lay black,"

she went out upon a balcony that overhung the crimson-tinted forest. From thence it was an easy flight to the far

eastern angle of the highest of the belvederes. Standing there she moved her tiny scepter through the gathering mists. Obedient, other mists, soft and fine, came up from the far valleys, and down from the upper air fell the blue of the sky; and together these, in a mingling ecstatic, until, in no long time, a shape, *a vision*, moved along the lines of the "fairy's dream,"—moved, until it was revealed in all fullness: and the little queen *saw, stepped into, and walked through her own created mystery. Mystery!*

Now, not a fairy of them, her majesty included, knew any religion but that of Love, so it was no heresy on her majesty's part to create a mysterious temple in mid-air and install herself priestess at its shrine. *At its shrine!*

Sovereign and priestess now, she saw how the noonday sun filtered through the golden bloom of *yellow roses*, and the summer breezes turned the leaves of curious leaf-missals that lay scattered about on cushions of moss; saw how the morning's sun kissed the *white heather* until a soft blush mantled its waxlike cheeks, how the glow of the evening's sun sent the color coursing, like lifeblood, through the spice-scented *carnations*.

But listen, sovereign Priestess, the vesper bell *rings!* and the fairy angels are singing:

Lo! these are his altars,—great god of Love true,—
And here, at his coming, he'll love's vow renew:
For when he is come from the wild war's fray,
Come with his trophies to lay here, and stay,
He'll sing to thee, Priestess, through night and
through day.

Then, he'll kiss the sweet *heather,* come down from
the hills
With odor of forest, and bracken and rills,—
And list to its story of upland and glade,—
Of fairies that played hide and seek, in its shade,
Or in heart of its blossoms their gentle vows made.

And, he'll kneel to the *golden rose,*—down from the
skies,—
And hear a sweet story, that with his own vies,—
Hear e'en how a mortal, with love near divine,
Killed once a fierce dragon and saved lady fine;
Then did her whole palace with roses entwine.

Then, last, he will sing of the *glory of red!*—
With perfume of spices from Araby's bed,
And incense uprising through evening's rich glow
Or falling in rhythm to whisperings low,—
And then on thee, Priestess, god-love he'll bestow!

Listen, listen on, thou sovereign Priestess! The vesper bell rings on; the angels sing on; and thou hast heard the *True* and the *Beautiful*—these that have their throne above the senses and that are not apprehended by the eye;—and these are thine, for thou hast here enthroned them—built to them these altars before which the angels do always sing. Listen!

"THE forces and the melodies of nature do their best work while the young soul is alive with receptivity and the ear is in devout self-surrender. The music of the running brook, the freshness of the meadow, the solemn expanse of lake and sea, the gloom and grandeur of valley and mountain, the ineffable outgoings of morning and evening, the sublime procession of the stars, reach the heart from the first, from the intellect from its earliest awakening, carry into the mental life from its birth an atmosphere, a color, and tone and power. The fibers of man's being grow finer and less perceptible as they leave the centers behind; and they reach out to infinity, ramify among the deepest mysteries of the universe, and entwine themselves with the God who speaks to him both from without and from within."

THAT the comeliness of proportion be preserved, Philosophy ought to be in constant employ as architect to the Virtues; since it does happen when one among them gets the skyward tendency the others are left to roof themselves in as best they may. Proportion is lost. A Sicilian proverb puts it, "To pull a good oar, the five fingers must help one another," or, "To be pope one must have been a good sacristan."

TO be the possessor of a dominating will is, in the formative stages of character, dangerous to its possessor. Its achievements flatter self-esteem until the idea obtains that the mind is of an all-around superior quality, which so tickles vanity that it grasps the helm, and so weakness sits in the place of strength.

WEAKNESS takes no hand in bringing the out-of-balance into poise—a beautiful achievement; and the strength required to bring contending forces into harmony being a masculine quality, the possessor of it has good reason to rejoice.

THE best quality of love is autocratic in feeling, democratic in action,—giving royally and in simplest fashion. Then, any proof of love should be enough,—and would be if we did but abide by it; it is the demand for more, more proof that ends, in no long time, in exaction. Love loves not a taskmaster.

REGULARITY is a good disciplinarian, holding well in hand that work which can only be carried by regular siege; but it is too often at the cost of spontaneity,—mocks sunshine and laughter,—each day's accomplishment ending at a dead, monotonous level.

"IF the trembling sound in my ears was once of the marriage bell which began my happiness, and is now of the passing bell which ends it, the difference between those two sounds to me cannot be counted by the number of concussions. There have been some curious speculations lately as to the conveyance of mental consciousness by 'brain-waves.' What does it matter how it is conveyed? The consciousness itself is not a wave. It may be accompanied here or there by any quantity of quivers and shakes, up or down, of anything you can find in the universe that is shakable—what is that to me? My friend is dead, and my—according to modern views—vibratory sorrow is not one whit less, or less mysterious, to me, than my old quiet one."

WHEN the time comes to train the ivy and the vine along the wall where roses were wont to bloom, have a care for all the little tendrils; they do so fill with green the crumbling mortar's place.

"IN Greek and in English and in Saxon and in Hebrew and in every articulate tongue of humanity, the 'spirit of man' truly means his passion and virtue, and is stately according to the height of his conception, and stable according to the measure of his endurance."

"LIVE out truly, nobly, bravely, wisely, happily your human life as a human life: not as a supernatural life, for you are a man, and not an angel; not as a sensual life, for you are a man, and not a brute; not as a wicked life, for you are a man, and not a demon; not as a frivolous life, for you are a man, and not an insect. Live, each day, the true life of a man today: not yesterday's life only, lest you should become a murmurer; not tomorrow's life only, lest you become a visionary: but the life of happy yesterdays and confident tomorrows—the life of today unwounded by the Parthian arrows of yesterday and undarkened by the possible cloudland of tomorrow. Life is indeed a mystery; but it was God Who gave it, in a world "wrapped round with sweet air, and bathed in sunshine and abounding with knowledge": and a ray of eternal light falls upon it even here, and that light shall wholly transfigure it beyond the grave."

CHAGRIN forces itself with special pain when it becomes apparent that there is so much as a shade of reluctance in acquiescence. Spontaneity is the symbol of nearness that the heart asks, and is the only proof that satisfies it.

AN IDYL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

SOME one has said a very pretty thing apropos of seeing a fine lady all alone in a forest: but who, and what the words? These remain a crystallized thought only. Milton considered a like scene not unworthy his lordly verse; but Comus is undoubtedly the one to see and tell of the "foreign wonder." It was amid woods and sylvan scenes I came upon such a picture—a Comus picture—and such an one as pastoral poets have thought fit to fix in undying verse and send—rare specimens that they are—down the stream of time.

Nature was in her brilliant autumn mood, and day by day was rendering some new part of her symphony of color and of sound. The white light of the summer had melted into a yellow softness like to liquid amber, and the whir of summer sound was

"Sliding by semitones, . . . to the minor."

It was in the very midst of this scene of surpassing beauty that I came upon my *tableau vivant,* the central figure "blithe and free,"—*una donna perfettissima,*—and by the unobtrusiveness of my intrusion!

was permitted to watch the process of imprisoning the sun's rays until they left behind, in guerdon of their release, a picture:—a sort of forfeit-playing this with Apollo, and quite in keeping with the pastimes of a shepherdess. If the wind blew ever so softly there was alarm lest Zephyr, that wayward, mischievous intruder, would mar the handiwork, and a very serious mischance indeed this to a fair expectant of Apollo's condescension. But out of these fears I took joy, since every new incident made for me a picture,—not to be imprisoned,—the one, poetic in its singleness,—the one fit for a pastoral poet to fix in his undying verse.

The atmosphere was suffused through and through with the yellow softness; the semitones of sound slipped away into the silences; and all the while pictures trooped in and out through the little doors of the camera,—

"Her fingers let them softly through,—"

her fingers opened and shut the little doors, imprisoned and set free the yellow light of that October afternoon until the last of it had waned and the evening star shone tremblingly between the drifting clouds to say, "The day is done."

"Is the night cold?
Blows the northeast across the naked moor?
I have a warm, warm room: come in—
Come in! and Love shall lock the door.

Is the night dark?
Drift the dull clouds down-dropping winter damp?
I have a secret room: come in—
Come in! and Love shall light the lamp.

Is the night dumb
Save for the hoarse wind's cry of death and wrong?
I have a music room: come in—
Come in! and Love shall make a song."

A SIMPLE gift may suffice to fill great gaps, and do away with emptiness. Love fixes the gift's value, and the heart enshrines it where to do it homage. Last in gold-value, first in love.

SWEETHEART.

"There is a little bird that sings—
'Sweetheart!'
I know not what his name may be!
I only know his notes please me,
As loud he sings, and thus sings he—
'Sweetheart!'

I've heard him sing on soft spring days—
'Sweetheart!'
And when the sky was dark above,
And wintry winds had stripped the grove,
He still poured forth those words of love—
'Sweetheart!'

And like that bird, my heart, too, sings—
'Sweetheart!'
When heaven is dark, or bright, or blue,
When trees are bare, or leaves are new,
It thus sings on—and sings of *you*—
'Sweetheart!'

What need of other words than these—
'Sweetheart?"
If I should sing a whole year long,
My love would not be shown more strong
Than by this short and simple song—
'Sweetheart!'"

. . . . . .

And, Sweetheart, while the little bird has been singing, thy feet have been climbing the mountains and fording the rivers of life!

To these mountains' heights and to these rivers' banks I have called, and thy voice has answered in tones resonant as the trumpet's, aeolian as the harp's. I have heard it in the night wind and in the noonday breeze, felt it like a breath among the odors of the salt sea and among the perfume of the flowers. No sound so harsh but that thou hast softened it before it reached my ear, no air so overladen that thou hast not unburdened it. And now, in answer to thy call, I come to thee with these gatherings of my hands, and put them into thine; these visions of my eyes, and hold them close to thine; these voices in my ears, and breathe them into thine; these comrades of my heart, and proffer them to thine; and together make them over to thee,—a *gift!* yet not a gift, since from the first they were *thine!*

"An exquisite touch
Bides in the birth of things: no aftertime can much
Enhance that fine, that faint, fugitive first of all."

So,

"Come back with me to the first of all,
Let us learn and love it over again,
Let us now forget and now recall,
Break the rosary in a pearly rain,
And gather what we let fall!"

G. E. X.

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